Justice Not Just

Saint Aimé

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They speak of justice, loud and clear,
but where is it when the powerless weep?
A word repeated, hollow as wind,
echoing off walls that never answer.
Courts and laws parade in gold,

but blind eyes look away from the poor.
The scales are tipped before the trial begins,
and the gavel falls on silence.

Justice wears a smiling mask,
but beneath it, shadows linger.
Promises carved in marble crumble
,
and the truth is left in the dust.
We chant the word, as if it binds,
but justice is a guest who never comes.